Lost In The Shape of You

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by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Will used to dance when he was younger, and now Hannibal wants to see it. Of course, Will feels shy, but slowly gives in, making a performance that quickly turns into something more.

Notes

Kinktober Day 18's prompt: Anatomy/Body Praise.
I confess I didn't know what to write for this prompt, but I /love/ anything that has to do with Will being a dancer of any kind or knowing how to dance, so I went for it. Hope you enjoy

Will was embarrassed. He thanked god mentally for the bedroom's lights being off so his flushed cheeks couldn't be seen, and regretted telling Hannibal, in a casual conversation, that he used to dance when he was younger, at New Orleans.

It wasn't a big deal. He usually did it alone in his bedroom, to release the stress. Sometimes, he did it at clubs and bars, after a few drinks, always regretting the morning after. But it was the past and it's been a long time since he did something like that. And here he was.

The bedroom was being illuminated by a lamp on the bedside table. Hannibal was sitting on the edge of the bed, eyes shining with eagerness. Will was in front of him, not too close but also not far, wearing nothing but his boxers. He felt shy and ashamed. Hannibal was smiling.

"This is ridiculous", Will complained, "it really is and you know it", he had his arms crossed, looking away from Hannibal.

"Is it ridiculous to ask my husband to perform a dance to me?", Hannibal said, a hint of playfulness in his tone.

"Hannibal, there isn't even music."

"It's not a problem, dear Will, you can move in any rhythm you wish, create your own melody", Hannibal replied, calm. "I'll certainly enjoy anything you offer me."

"Dancing already makes me feel embarrassed, imagine dancing without music", Will sighed, "I'll want to bury my face."

Hannibal chuckled, "Don't worry about it, I'll definitely bury your face in the pillows later, beloved."

Will blushed even harder. He couldn't believe this situation.

"I'll wait patiently until you decide to begin", Hannibal rested his hands on his knees, "take your time."

Will stayed still for a while, wanting to vanish. Once again, Hannibal was craving to know another intimate part of Will, and he'd succeed. He wanted to know each and every part. Knowing he wouldn't escape, Will took a deep breath and tried to imagine a music playing in his mind. It was slow, a quiet melody that played inside his head. Nothing he'd listened to before, created specially for this occasion.

He stretched his arms above his head, closing his eyes. Then, slowly, he started to move his hips. He tried to ignore Hannibal, pretending he was alone in his old bedroom. Will was waving his arms, feeling the inaudible rhythm take over him, his hips going from side to side, always slowly, feeling more and more comfortable. Hannibal wasn't expecting to get aroused so fast, but it was impossible not to when Will was dancing so gracefully, looking like an ethereal being; Will was his, only his and he felt the luckiest man in the world.

Will kept doing the same moves, and he began to step closer to Hannibal. He opened his eyes, and as soon as he saw Hannibal's lustful gaze, he smirked, no longer shy or embarrassed. His movements were now purposefully voluptuous. When he was close to Hannibal, inches separating their bodies, Hannibal touched his waist, hand sliding from there to his thighs.

"You're marvelous", his voice was husky with lust, "Your body is the most perfect masterpiece I've ever seen", his hand slid to Will's bare chest, feeling his heartbeats for a moment, then slid down to his abdomen, sensing the muscles with his palm. "I like the feel of your skin against my hands, so smooth but at the same time, firm", he touched Will's belly scar, and Will could feel his hand tremble.

Will took Hannibal's other hand and placed it on his waist. Then, without giving Hannibal time to do anything, he sat on his lap, putting his hands on Hannibal's shoulders.

"I like when you praise me", Will said.

"I'll praise you until the end of my days", Hannibal replied, tracing his fingers through Will's toned legs, strong thighs, delicate waist - which Hannibal loved to hold - and went to his belly again, then up to his smooth chest, and finally his neck. Hannibal liked to feel the pulse.

Will chuckled when he felt how hard Hannibal was under him, therefore he began to move, with the same previous slowness, and Hannibal gasped.

"May I take you to bed and whisper praises in your ear while I make you come?", Hannibal purred, his hands now grabbing Will's waist as he continued to move his hips back and forth on his lap.

"You may", Will replied, smug.

And Hannibal did. He praised every inch of his husband's body, complimenting him, worshiping him as they became one. And Will came to the conclusion that a dance performance would be great once in a while

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